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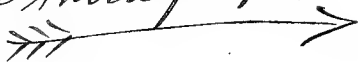
**Some
Verses**

SCONE.

FRANK WILMOT

JAMES DALLY
OLD AND RARE BOOKS
Oatlands, Tasmania
Telephone Oatlands 90

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SOME VERSES

Some . Verses

FRANK
WILMOT —

MELBOURNE . .
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THESE to you One in the world—
One out of all the host !
Rose, with the petals furl'd !
Beauteous, lovable, . . lost !

These to you, one of them all !
Take them,— make them your own ;
(The pink rose petals fall—
The sad leaf withers alone.)

SOME VERSES

The Years . .

WHEN the years are gathered to sleep ;
When the arm of God divides the deep
and He calls to us " This is the end " ;
When the cosmic whirlwinds sweep
From the brow of time all the broken worlds
that the hand of the master mend ;
When every smiling star
Outpours its burden of human souls that shall live
in the light of His face
Till the multitude surges far
From the core of the golden heart of things to the
utmost edge of space.
When the end is come, and worn with toil, the
light of the suns is low,
Shall those men love whose hearts were hard ? Shall
they know who longed to know ?
Shall the silent years troop home and smile at the
anguish of long ago ?
Then shall we know the glories, then ?
The power of faith—the joy of trust ?
When women are Women and men are Men
Grown pure from the purging worlds of dust ?
Shall we grovel beneath no harsh command,
Undriven by pain—unknown to fears,
Shall we know the rule of a lovelier land
At the changing of the years ?

SOME VERSES

When the days are fallen on calm
And the flesh dissolves and the soul soars out to the
land of her morning dreams ;
And far from the roads of alarm
We hear the chants of the seraphim and the psalm
of unbroken schemes.

When the glory of Love is for all,
Not filling the gluttonous few while we the toilers
must drivel and toil ;

When the solemn sweet angels call
Each for his robe of perfect peace that the æons
may not despoil.

Shall we all be sons of the mightiest men body and
spirit and brain ?
Shall we marshal and march the undone host that
the arrogant years have slain
From out of the ranges of dead desire and into the
world of attain ?

Then shall we know the glories, then ?

The scent of a rose that would not bloom
Gnarled in the shackles of work and men ?

Shall the soul that droops be given room
To splay her wings ? Shall her songs elate
Cover the tears of a life that sears ;
Shall we know the voice of a gentler fate
At the turning of the years ?

When the pale little hours are flown
To the heart of the silent past, far under the wings
of a wordless night ;
Shall we know what we have not known ?

SOME VERSES

And men grown deaf and blind remember the
wonder of sound and sight ?

Shall we who have lived alone,
Who have tried to laugh but have walked head
down all the lonely-remembered way,

Shall we see what has lived unshown ?
Shall I kiss the face of my Darling then, and say
— what I long to say ?

Shall the hand of a wrath dissolved withdraw from
my spirit the gnawing knife ?

Shall I gather you close to my woeless breast, O
Spirit and lover and wife ?

Shall we throw out our hungry arms and clasp the
vanishing dreams of life ?

For there was no life but a stagnant name,
But a road of weeping and hearts that bled ;
I should live like a dog if I thought there came
No lovelier life when the dust is dead.

It is only the dream of a coming place
That holds my heart from the passion of tears,
The dream that I'll see her . . . soul and face,
At the changing of the years !

SOME VERSES

The Painter

INTO the soul of Thestus came
The wonder of a thing to do,
That touched his spirit to a flame
And thrilled the cords of being thro'.
Over a sea of reticence
To him the tremulous glory bore
Long passionate waves of sound and sense,
Color and light, and power and lore.
Great Thestus painted of the Christ
As the compelling vision rose,
Singing from day-dawn unto close
Of Him the world had sacrificed.
No rest was his. In calmest sleep—
In the grim turmoil of the day,
The mighty thought would wake and keep
His spirit in perpetual sway.
Life and his art and love were bent
In one endeavour to portray
The vision, that the world might say,
With wondering eyes and lips intent:
"O wonderful imagining!
O, power of love and light and song
Come that we troublous men might cling
Closer to God and be more strong.
O wondrous sight, O wondrous hand!
O light of days and nights, and gleams

SOME VERSES

Of the sunlit eternal land
Held back to silence and our dreams. ”

He painted Christ with mien austere,
With god-glows flashing on the face,
With eyes too mighty for a tear,
And figure set in speechless grace
Of kingly majesty ; the light
Of heaven flashed from Him till the sight
Wearied of splendour, turned away,
And pagan hearts went out to pray.
Pale and mysterious round His form,
Close, like a sacred garment, wreathed
The incenses from man yet warm
With deep, calm worship that he breathed.
At His white feet the seraphs knelt,
The angels hovered o'er His brow,
And now the sceptre gleamed, and now
It seemed the distant thunder spelt
The mightiness of God, and told
The secrets that the heavens hold.
Murmurs of music thro' the glow
Of sunset purple seemed to swell,
Long organ chords from high to low,
Sweet woman voices like a bell.
All things were drawn to a deep intense
Of unrestrained reverence.
And thus he painted. Thought and sound,
Color and feeling blended thro'.
Till in the painter's soul up grew
Dreams of great work and guerdons found.
And thus he painted—who adored

SOME VERSES

The beautiful, and kept his heart
From vulgar dreams and loves apart.
Harkening but to the vast concord
Of universal melodies.

Watching the face of all things fair,
Hearing the passionate calls and cries
Of bouyance and the deep despair.
Work upon work had fallen down,

White birds had gone out from the light,
He dreamed a smile—to paint a frown

He dreamed of dawn and painted night.
But the illusive power had come

Back from the old o'er-clouded years
Of smiles and woe and love and tears ;
And now with white lips parched and dumb
He worked, for frail and fluttering,

The bird of dreams had come again,
Bearing the balm 'twas his to bring

Once more unto the falt'ring men.
And thus he painted—till were broke

The trammels of a fleshly yoke ;
Till in the spirit—flesh and blood,
Round, loud from out the canvas spoke
The form of Him whose voice has turned

The long dark places of the maze
To light ; whose star has risen and burned
Pure thro' the world's corrupting haze.

'Twas finished, and his dreaming eyes
In the dim mesh of beauty caught,
Gazed long at the new paradise
His soul had made, his hand had wrought.

SOME VERSES

He gazed till the golden sun had gone
His way down in the forest trees,
Until the pale moon flickers shone
Wide on the wavelets of the seas.
In the long dream of wonderment
His work had given him, he feared
That some ineffable intent,
Some subtle power of God had come
To guide his hand. Raptured and dumb
He felt life's dark horizon cleared.

The world had given him back his dream,
For Something came from the gloam
Like the returning doves that gleam
White thro' the even, soaring home.

Thestus gazed on, till his quiet eyes
Grew weary in his happiness ;
Till in a sea of tender sighs,
Rocked in a shallop sorrowless,
Bathed in a warmth of love, it seemed
He dreamed and slept and slept and dreamed.

He saw the whole world rise and make
Obeisance to the magic hand
That wrought this wonder ; thro the land
Went murmur upon murmur, yea,
The old men, stumbling to the sight,
Stretched out a palsied hand to take
It's power unto them ; night and day
The songs broke forth and the cool hours
Brought dancing maidens bearing flowers.
Th' eternal mountains seemed to shake

SOME VERSES

With man's enrapturement ; the powers
Of wild conceit came to the heart
Of Thestus, and the silent deep
Clamoured for words and smiles and sleep
On beds of lilac, far apart
From these dark paths of men who weep.

He dreamed that from the night there came,
Humble and meek and tearful eyed,
The One his art had deified

With sceptred hand and eyes aflame.
Scarcely would Thestus' sense allow
Credition to the marvelled flood
Of deep alarm. And the dream stood,
And Thestus gazed entranced for now
The long dream silences awoke

With the sweet voice of Him who knew
What dreams and fears and hopes upgrew
Tumultuous in the dreamer's thought.

He, whom the weary loved and sought,
Stood motionless and sadly spoke.

" Man falter, for this Christ of thine
Is not of me,—no laurels twine
About this brow ; what thou hast done
With heart and hand, oh painter king !
The sceptre gleaming like the sun,
The auriole, the jewelled crown,
The potentate's imperial gown
Live but in thine imagining !
Not mine these habiliments, nor eyes
Undimmed that gaze around the world,

SOME VERSES

That breast was never pierced with sighs
That brow, sparkling and diamond pearled,
Those limbs that some strange light adorns
Are never true ! The crown of thorns
Still hangs and bleeds upon a brow
White with the grief of ages ! Thou
Hast not done well ; no mighty swell
Of heavenly choruses arise
To praise me, ah, before mine eyes
Only the world spreads out where dwell
Men silent in their toil—who raise
No eyes that love nor lips that praise !
What hast thou done oh, painter moved
By stranger arts and dreams that lied ?
I was a man and lived and loved,
I was a man and worked and died.
My cheeks with mankind's tears are wet,
The sorrows that I weep above
Have sunken in my soul and set
The ways of life to help and love.
Smile ? Shall I smile ? The world goes on
In dark derisiveness and turns
From the soul's light and on her throne
The fire of pagan altars burns.
Frown ? shall I frown ? the soul is weak,
And the surrounding ills are strong,
And good men fall away ; too long
The silence of the inspiring song,
The wonderful voice that will not speak !
No glory plays about my face,
No mystic semblances are mine,

SOME VERSES

No earthly incenses have place
In my divinity ; divine
Am I become ? No godly hand
Hath set the signet over me,
Strong in the hearts of men I stand
Loving. Upon the tired sea
The sunlight broods and languorous, white,
The seagull sweeps along the light,
So would I be—a tower of rest,
And to the anguish-throbbing breast
Something of peace in the long night.
All that I was, all that I am
Waked from endless human tide
Who took their burdens up and cried
Through the long pass of scourge and flame.
I am not God, set calm on high,
Whom humankind worships and fears ;
I am a man of men and sigh
With him in happiness and tears.
I am not all that thou hast made
Of me O painter ! all the gold
And the great jewels that gleam and fade !
I came —a glimmer in the shade,
A light to them the clouds enfold !
The sternness of this work of thine
Is one great lie ; this is not mine ;
Not mine the cold relentless gaze
Bending out from the skies alone !
But kindness and peace and love
Come with me singing down the ways.
Paint out the glory and the crown,

SOME VERSES

Paint out the purple robe and throne.
Then paint of One who stands alone
Weeping and helping over men,
Soft-smiling, yea, and sorrowful !
Who breaks the woes of living down,
Whose monarchy is but a rule
Of universal love, and then
The souls that trembled to behold
Shall set each sorrow down and go
Out in the fields and smile to know
The legend that thy genius told."

Then Thestus spake : " This shall not be !
The glory of the mystery,
And the half-dream, and the far light,
Are more to men than all the might
Of imminent love and sanctity.
The substance of the hope that burns,
The dream that keeps the spirit strong,
Wakes for a happy hour and turns
Back to the silence with a song.
And in the turmoil of daylight
His soul lives in the mystic night.
Were I to paint the Christ of thine,
And not the Christ the men have dreamed
No word of honor would be mine,
And all the praises that have gleamed
Like sunlight in the mighty gloom
Of faltering hope, would find the tomb
Of cavernous despair, and all
The wonder of the work shall fall.
And seeing—shall men's souls rejoice.?"

SOME VERSES

And loving—shall they smile to know?
And I—who live but that his voice
May adulate—where should I go?"

Christ's sorrow woke into his eyes—
"Poor worshipper of stones and sod!
What fame is there like paradise?
What frown can pale the smile of God?
Canst't thou not quench thy stubborn flames?
Desire unquenchable and love
So weak! Thus shall the mighty move
Down to the realm of myths and names?"

The vision wept and passed. The day
Was sweeping from the upward skies,
And Thestus wakened; all the way
Of life was golden; the men came
And smiled on him with every wise
Of honor, verdurous wreaths of fame,
Smiles of enrapturement and sighs
Of love and murmurings of praise.
So Thestus loved himself and smiled
In deep contentment and the wild
Peace of the dream of all his days.

Yet in the day there was a tear
And in the night a voice that thrilled
The fainting silence with a fear
Of loss, and labor unfulfilled.
And in the silent hour of morn,
Of rosebuds sighing for the sun,
Far in a wilderness, forlorn,
A dream child weeps a work undone.

SOME VERSES

Pilgrim

INE went by at evening light,
Through the grey dust of the road,
With a thin face worn and white,
With his great years for a load.

“Whither go you, friend?” said I,
“Panting in thine eager haste,”
In his heart I heard a cry—
“Hush! there is no time to waste!”

So he left me where I stood,
And I watched the quivering form
Die into the shadowy wood,
Gathered to the gathering storm.

On his lips there was a song,
And the night wind secretly
Stealing like a thief along,
Bore the words he sang to me.

“Past the homestead on the hill,
Past the temple and the tower,
Thro’ the angered winds and still,
Thro’ the sunlight and the shower,

SOME VERSES

" Past the yellow fields of corn,
Past the valley and the height,
Thro' the soft empurpled morn,
Thro' the owl-frequented night.

" Weeping that I must not stay
With these joys I look upon,
Thus I take my lonely way—
Wandering on . . . and on.

" Years like birds go fluttering by,
Bringing no sweet harbingers,
" Where art thou, oh God ? " I cry,
(Doth he hate the wanderers ?)

" Lost ! the children mock at me,
Downcast faces pass me by,
Lost ! I weep the things that be,
Men that fail and dreams that die !

" Whither, whither, must I wend ?
Roads are hard to die upon !
Lost ! who guides me to the end ?
I, who wander on . . . and on. "

SOME VERSES

A Little Song

I HAVE N'T said much, I know,
Of the wonderful, strange surprise,
Of the wonderful dreams & shapes I owe
To a glance of your dancing eyes.

But maybe, out of the rush
And the glare of a worker's day—
When we two stand in a breathful hush
On the shores of the moonlit bay,—

When the silence lives like a song,
And the old world slumbers and when
My heart is full and my lips grow strong
Maybe I shall tell you then.

SOME VERSES

Elegy

GO thou and thank thy gods that thou hast died
With all thy songs and visions in thy breast;
Ere thou hast known thy genius crucified
High on the rude cross of the world's behest.

Down where thou sleepest is no dream of light,
Whom the gods love they gather and hold fast,
Gather unto the brown arms of the night,
Unto the utter silence of the past.

Silence and sleep ! We have for thee no cry
Of anguish, and the voice of love is dumb—
Better to be the coming man and die
Than be the coming man and never come !

Better to die ere the red bud has burst,
Than know the grief of petals withered ;
Than watch the slow death of the voice you
nursed,
And face the world with all thine impulse dead.

Than feel thy sacred vestments fall away
One after one thro all the silent years—
Until thou stand'st so helpless to the day
That when men ask for songs you give them tears.

SOME VERSES

To feel our power grow less from year to year—
Ah, God ! is there a greater grief than this?
To call the spirit that moved of old and hear
No answer but the roar of the abyss.

But thou art saved of this—you were not weak !
Singing of youth and roses and the sun ;
Men know you promised greater things and speak
In whispers of the things you might have done.

SOME VERSES

Annunciation . . .

SOMETHING is coming over me,
Like the joy of sorrow that flies
From the gloom of an ancient tragedy
To the light of ineffable eyes.

A girl has glanced and a girl has smiled,
And a girl has spoken low ;
And dreams are rioting, and wild
The sluggard moments grow.

Out of the song of the laughing sea,
Out of the secretive night,
Someone has given a world to me,
And wherever I turn is light.

Something is coming over me,
A murmur of song from afar,
Light on the hills and a light on the sea,
Her voice in the twilight ! Ah !

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